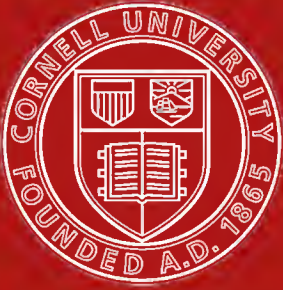


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# The EPISTLE DEDICATORY, To the Gentlemen of the ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Gentlemen,

**E**VER since my *First Thoughts* of writing this *Dissertation*, I have frequently consider'd whom I should select, as a fit Patron of my Endeavors this way; but these Considerations still concluded, that you, who on the *firm Foundation* of your own Excellence, have establish'd your selves in the Esteem of the more solid part of Mankind, without the *Auxiliary Support* of any great Man's Assistance; that *You* who had no *Richeieu* to cherish your first Essays, or guard your *Rising Merit*, were able to Patronize that, which chiefly aim'd at giving the World a Draught, in little, of what it ow'd to your *Incomparable Performances*. If it were not, that most Writers have a sordid present Gain in View, when they design a *Dedication*; I am confident, we should see few *Noblemens Names* at the beginning of their Works, since it must be confess'd, 'twould be more for the Advantage of their Reputation, to chuse one another for Patrons; a Writer being better qualified to defend that, which he has once espous'd, with his *Pen*, than any Great man, with his empty *Name*, or a long *Catalogue of Titles*. At least I am sure, no man will think my Choice improper, when he shall consider, how well able you are to *protect my Failings* with your *Invincible Pens*, against all those, who shall hereafter attack them. Nor will the *Defect* of what I have writ, make me at all despair of your favourable Reception, since every Action ought to receive its Value from the *Intention*, not the *awkward manner* of Performance. My *Will* design'd your Honor, tho' my *Pen* has not come up to the *Greatness* of my *Aim*. I was no sooner convinced by what you published, of the Possibility of carrying on so *Noble an Undertaking*, but I resolv'd to attempt this *Dissertation*, which I hop'd to perfect without the knowledge of any of your *Learned Society*, being sensible that your *abounding Modesty* would endeavour to stifle that, which might bear the least resemblance of a *Panegyric*, in the Eye of even the *Envious*; but by the want of Caution in some concern'd in the publishing it, I found, before the last sheet was printed, one of your *Society* had Intelligence of it, whose *Letter* may convince the World, that this Fear of mine was not without *Just Ground*. But I will not pretend wholly to justify my self, for publishing this *Dissertation* without your Leave, since a thing of this nature, indeed, merited better Helps than I had to the compiling of it, and none were capable of affording them effectually but your selves; yet it was an Error of the *better side*, a *Trespass* caus'd by a too unconsidering *Esteem*, and *Value* for your *Noble Undertaking*, and no less *Performances*, which have not only engag'd me in this *Affair*, but always to be, as I must here subscribe my self;

Gentlemen,

Your Admirer, and Humble Servant,

R. L.

## To the Athenian Society.

**T**HE Warmth your Beams produc'd you must excuse;  
Your Commendation first inspir'd my Muse:  
Your friendly Praise supports her feeble Wing;  
You bath invite, and teach her how to sing.

And, while by Art your charming Numbers move,  
Her Wood-wild Notes instruct her to improve.

Censure, in this Attempt, can only say,

That I my Debt of Thanks too poorly pay;

That from your Bounty I my Tribute raise,

And but return the Product of your Praise.

Yet Mortals thus to Sacred Altars go

With Presents which the Gods did first bestow.

We treat them from the Stores which they dispense

Not to Requite, but shew our grateful Sense.

To sing your Toils let abler Bards aspire,

While I at distance silently admire,

How much oblig'd your Country is to you,

If Wit, and Learning, here, those Charms renew,

That Art's Admirers once to Athens drew.

If thither Conqu'ring Rome for Knowledge sought,

What Miracles have you for Britain wrought!

Who Athens home to us at your own Charge have brought!

Aspiring Lewis's self must yield to you,

In that sole Praise which he can call his Due:

Translated Learning France too dearly buys,

Which cheaply your Compendious Book supplies.

This Diff'rence too your Preference secures,  
His Aim was Glory, Publick Good was Yours.  
For while you move the various Orbs of Wit,  
Conceal'd the great Intelligences sit.

N. Tate.

## Atticæ Societati.

**D**octa colons, Musis & Apolline nata secundis,  
Per quam Cecropiis vita refurgit avis,  
Cujus lucē novum nostra decus additur Urbi,  
Visit, & arctōas mirior aura plagas,  
Eja age naturæ penetralia pande latentis,  
Invitam excutiens, quā licet uſq; Deam.  
Fortia languenti præbe medicamina mundo,  
Phœbeumq; tuo lumine redde diem.  
Lux divina Sophiæ Titania lumina vincit,  
Ed penetrat terras, & super astra volat.  
Quin pergis victuram in sæcula promere charitatem,  
Quin Sophiæ sequeris liberioris iter?  
Ingens restat adhuc messis, novus ordo laborum:  
Auxiliatrices sperat Apollo manus.  
Barbariem, moreq; feros manus Atticæ ademit,  
Nec subigenda tibi monstra minora manent.

P. Motteux



The same in English.

## To the Athenian Society.

Sons of the Muses, at whose welcome Birth  
Auspicious Phœbus eber'd the drooping Earth,  
By whom once more old Learned Athens lives,  
Our great Metropolis new Fame receives,  
And a more gentle Air our Northern Climes revives,  
Go on, descend to Nature's deepest Cell,  
The gloomy Night that veils the bosom'd Dame dispel.  
Help a whole World which doth your Aid implore,  
And scatter Beams of Light our golden days restore.  
Learning's divinest Rays the Sun's outgoe,  
And pierce the Globe, and range the loftiest Skie.  
In never-dying Lines your task renew,  
Through Learning's boundless Sea your course pursue,  
Vast undiscover'd Regions wait for you.  
The mighty Work much Art, much Toil demands,  
And even Apollo wants assisting Hands.  
In dismal shades the ancient World did lay,  
Till Athens Wisdom did its light display;  
Athens once more must change our Darkness into Day.

P. MORTHEUX.

## To the Athenian Society.

Ere Science was, or Learning had a Name,  
Dilated Memory record'd Fame:  
'Twas long before Forgetfulness was born,  
Or Wit could find out Ignorance to scorn:  
When Men could back Six hundred years relate,  
And still pursu'd their very distant Fate.  
Deeds sooner far than Men did dye,  
And long-protracted Life forgot Mortality;  
Wide as the Heaven their Thoughts did roul  
To Actions great as the extensive Soul.  
Letters and Books the Helps We use  
To keep expiring Senectivity,  
Needless to Them, who could at once peruse,  
In their unbounded Knowledge all was known;  
Who had with Time their Race begun,  
And still liv'd on as if this'd Time it self survive.  
Nature bestow'd her youthful Store so well,  
That none could want, and therefore none excell,  
And so impartially adorn'd the Mind,  
That equal Knowledge did inform Mankind.

Thus when our Fathers (taught with Guilt)  
That huge stupendious Stair-case built,  
We mock'd indeed the fruitless Enterprize,  
Successful Actions never pass for Wise:  
But was the Dreadful File in being, 'twould show  
To what degree that untaught Age did know  
Who Nature's Voice unequally divide,  
And turn'd the Globe into a Piranide,  
While Heaven seem'd more to apprehend it, than divide.

Strange uncouth Dialects from Heaven succeed,  
And Universal Clou is of Jargon spread:  
Confusions here in horrid Squadrons join;  
And here King Ignorance began his Reign;  
Old Knowledge hither bore Imperial Sway,  
But found a strange, a sensible Decay:  
And tho' the Old Monarch seem'd to keep the Throne,  
The Tyrant Ignorance manag'd as his own.  
Two Thousand years the Usurper had prevail'd,  
And on his Darling Sloth the Crown entail'd;  
While the old drooping Monarch saw his Fate,  
But wanted Power to save his ruin'd State.  
Two Sons he had, Youths of Angelic Birth,  
That promis'd fair, to reform the Earth,  
Wisdom, and Learning, Twins of blooming Hope,  
That sink his Fear, and all his Comforts prop.  
Of all his numerous Progeny, these alone  
Remain the Hopes of his declining Throne;  
The rest opposing his approaching Fate,  
Sink in the Ruins of their Father's State.  
But these the Darlings of the Parents Age,  
He timely rescued from the Tyrant's Rage;

For these he call'd; for these to Heaven he pray'd,  
To Lartum one, and one to Greece convey'd.  
Inspir'd by Instinct, with a mutual Rage,  
Eternal Wars with Ignorance they wage;  
From Athens out, and one from Rome, inspire  
The gladsome World with their own Genial Fire;  
So Form did Chaos, light, the Dark expel;  
As Athens Rome, and Rome the World excel:  
The Usurping Troops, by their own Guilt subdu'd,  
Fled from th' approaching dawn, while none pursu'd.  
The enlighten'd world new Altars gladly raise,  
And form new Triumphs to the Victors Praise.  
Wisdom, and Learning, aged with Renown,  
Enjoy unenvy'd an Eternal Crown;  
Their Empire to the World's Extremes extend,  
And Viceroy to remoter Kingdoms send,  
Their faithful Agents through the world disperse,  
And these we sing in our Immortal Verse;  
These now we sing, and willing Trophies raise,  
To their just Value, and their Masters Praise.

D. F.

## To the Athenian Society.

When the Mysterious Nothing first was hurl'd  
Into a Chaos, thence into a World,  
By that great Fiat, (greater much by far  
Than the strait Bounds of ancient Maxims were,  
Which said; From Nothing Nothing can appear.)  
Methinks in that great Work, that mighty Change,  
I saw the Immateral Beings range,  
And crowd towards the Sight, as Mortals gaze  
At some unknown prodigious Comets blaze;  
But when they saw the sweet, the lovely Face,  
And curious Harmony the Wonder grace,  
Their Admiration lost it self in Praise.  
Thus meaner We, whose low and humble Birth  
Derives its Half at least from Native Earth,  
When first the spreading Fame, the Rumour run,  
That Athens had another World begun,  
And clear'd the gloomy shades of Ignorance,  
And form'd new sparkling Orbs  
This soon employ'd each Tongue; all Ears and Eyes  
Were full of Athens, and the Enterprize.  
But when the searching Age began to find  
The greater Aim, the Good that was design'd,  
Chang'd into Art, and cultivate Mankind;  
The deep Amazement pall'd; and in its room  
Deserv'd Encomium's crowd, and bring their Offerings home.

D. T.

## To the Athenian Society.

SOON as our fetter'd Souls from Time are free,  
All things in Heaven, just as they are we see:  
No dark Conjecture, no obscure Suppose  
Confounds the knowledge of each hidden Cause;  
But easie Nature's beauteous Form appears  
Disrob'd of the thick Veil, which here she wears,  
The Chalo of Causes, and their Order shine,  
And clearly shew, they're fram'd by Hands Divine.  
Ye Great Unknown, this You have aim'd at Now:  
And tho' coy Nature flies our searching View,  
Whilst clouded Reason's cobweb within this Cage,  
Yet you have thus far bless'd this happy Age;  
Whate'er the searching Study of the Wise  
In things divine, and natural yet have found,  
Whate'er from your own Observations rise,  
From your sublime Retreat you scatter all around:  
The MANV, who dead in Ignorance lay,  
Now Speak, and Think, reviv'd by your bright Day.  
Before, they had a meer Promethean Frame,  
Till you inform'd their Souls with the Coelestial Flame.  
Go on — Learning, and solid Truth advance,  
They're Noble Subjects, for such Noble Pens:  
Let your Opposers trifling Jests pursue,  
They write for MINUTES, but for AGES You.

Charles Richardson.













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